



Destination



👁 18 ✓ 3 ★ 6

Chapter 1 by N. Adaire

Stepping out of the stairwell, James surveyed the recently built floor. Stepping out onto a carpet of bare concrete, he passed by an exposed steel girder, a table with a set of blueprints weighed down by a hammer and staple gun. Sheets of polythene hung here and hiding parts of the night-time city.

He worked his way around the various obstacles, shown to him only by the light of nearby buildings, and came to the high windows that kept out the night air.

Looking down at the streets far below him, he began to feel philosophical. Little lights, like tiny earth-bound fireflies, went to and fro. As he scanned the horizon, he could see more of them moving across and alongside the river which wound its way through the centre of the city. The river and the little lights were all wending their way, as he must eventually, to their final destination.

He allowed himself to wonder where they might be going, mainly as a way of avoiding the thought of where he would soon have to. Aimless, and yet moving inexorably, he wandered around perimeter of the floor.

Chapter 2 by Luke Meyers



His phone vibrated gently in his pocket. Not a call, but a timer -- it was time to begin. Coordinated action depends on precision. Grabbing one end of the retractable hook from the harness about his torso, he clipped a loop around an exposed girder. Taking a careful breath and

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tuned elasticity and decelerating him to a moment of perfect airborne stillness before catching on a girder and whirling him around with sudden slingshot acceleration. Sensors determined the exact moment, based on all his careful planning, and released his body like a bullet toward the building in the direction he had come, but ten floors lower.

James cried out with exhilaration as he punched the sonic weapon once again, caught his anchor magnet on the edge of the broken window as he flew through it, and threw his body into a controlled slide that allowed strategic impact plates to absorb the brunt of the impact.

The slide took him twenty feet into a partially-constructed hall already festooned with marble and ornate fixtures. It was inhabited by two groups of astonished men carrying automatic weapons, all of which were pointed at James by the time he stood up and dusted himself off.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he drawled. "I believe you forgot my invitation."

Chapter 3 by Michael



Staring at the armed men, with a slight smirk emerging on James's face, he paused. The men weren't guarding anything. Patiently waiting for the reactions of those returning his stare. Scanning the hallway quickly James caught sight of some furniture which could be lifesaving. In front of him the men: three carrying semi automatic sub machine guns, while two holding an automatic rifle each. Peering over their shoulders James focussed in on the wall behind, a vertical line disguised as a crack ran down the side of the pale yellow wall. Smoothly James reached into his pocket and pulled out a pair of tinted sunglasses, he placed them on his nose so now he was looking through, not sunglasses lenses, but a small screen analysing the wall in front. A green line immediately locked on the crack, a group of red rays scanned the wall, searching for any weaknesses or hollow parts. A red ray remained over the crack, whereas the other four remained still 1.34m away from the crack in the wall. Finally two blue lines locked into a position joining the red lines, now revealing a rectangle shape in the wall. A door. For now his target. Showing no emotion James looked left, an indentation in the wall, looked right a corner and passage leading to another part of the building. Two of the five men now become

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